



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1957

A Figure At The Summit Of The Tree

There are several attitudes toward Christmas. Some of which we may disregard. The social, the torpid, the potently commercial. The roudy (the pub being open till midnight). And the childish—which is not that of the child. For whom the candle is a star, and the wild-eyed angel. Spreading its wings at the summit of the tree. Is not a decoration but an angel? —T. S. ELIOT

EVEN in a world gone mad, it is possible tonight for all mankind to pause and contemplate the blessedness of stars and of angels. Truly, there is too much goodness among us for the badness to prevail on this night of nights. It is a time for forgetfulness — and remembrance. The Big Issues can be safely tucked away for another day — satellites and missiles, NATO and nuclear fallout, Khrushchev and the Kremlin, plottings and patriots. They are all better forgotten for the moment. It is rather a time to accumulate all of those sweeter memories of annual emotion and concentrate them into a great joy. It is a time to remember that in all

the tragedy and tribulation God is with us. In celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ we will be celebrating that essential truth. We can also celebrate another truth in this season of joy. It has something to do with the resourcefulness of man. World conferences may fail, pacts may be broken, war may devastate whole areas of the globe, but man will prevail. He is a creature at once frail and invulnerable. Torn up by the roots, buffeted by storms or explosives, he somehow survives to start planting and building again.

Perhaps we waste too much of our energy fighting shadows when there are more important things to do. Perhaps we fear too much. Perhaps we dwell too much upon "impending doom." That is not for us tonight. Christmas is a festival of love. And Christmas, too, is the evangel of faith, exhorting man to believe in the values of the spiritual universe, saying to him in terms of the mystery and anguish of life: "Fear not!" There are, as Mr. Eliot said, several attitudes toward Christmas, some of which we may disregard. We must not, however, disregard the essential truth of Christmas and all that it means in terms of the reality of love and the miracle of faith. For the figure at the summit of the tree could indeed be an angel.

The Funsters Have A Serious Mission

EVEN amid the general merriment of the season, the sloganeers of safety were out in force today. Holiday drivers were warned, for instance, that glasses have a dangerous effect on vision—that is, if they've been emptied several times. It was further pointed out that there are three kinds of people who have holiday mishaps—men, women and children. And News cartoonist Hugh Haynie redrew for this holiday season his celebrated spoof of the politician's peculiar interest in safe driving. (Reproduced in this space.) If there is seemingly a contrived caution to the pleas for special caution during Christmas, for the counselors. They are not attempting to make light of a serious subject. They were merely trying to touch whatever nerve it is in the human body that makes an individual do something foolish at a time when foolishness is particularly dangerous. They are using all of the ingenuity at their command to save your life. Too, it may seem cruel and terribly gloomy to speak of death in the season of joy. We are certainly not attempting to toss a wet blanket over the fun and merriment of Christmas. But a word or two of caution can save but one life it will be worth the trouble. And it will be a happier Christmas for one and all. It is a fact that the throttle and the bottle are among the biggest factors in the Christmas holiday traffic toll. Speed



Holiday Notes
 is a familiar year-round killer. But so-called drinkers, because of the stepped up festivity of the Yuletide season, present a greater traffic hazard than any other time of the year. In a special study of 501 Christmas holiday accidents, which killed 609 persons, the National Safety Council found drinkers were involved in 55 per cent of the total. At other times of the year they are involved in but 30 per cent. Take it easy this Christmas. Don't drink and drive. Exercise care in everything you do. Make it a merrier Christmas for everybody.

Henkel, Hoese And The Big Crush

KIND words for the policeman are all too rare in this querulous era. The braver his efforts to wrench a little order out of chaos the louder the abuse from the citizen who imagines he is somehow being shoved around by a blue-coated Beelzebub. Maybe it's just the season, but we think it's time for a collective second to the kindly motion of City Traffic Engineer Herman Hoese. Last week, Mr. Hoese proposed a vote of thanks to city policemen for the manner in which they are hustling traffic through midtown during the Christmas rush. The franchise with which officers are attempting to work this miracle may not endear them to all and sundry—especially the peevish pedestrians and day-dreaming drivers. But the bluecoats are doing a job and doing it well. There is, in fact, a new and noticeable metropolitan-type thoroughness to their

approach. Traffic has to skeedaddle if costly jams are to be prevented. Capt. Floyd W. Henkel's boys make it skeedaddle all right—in no uncertain terms. What Charlotteans are experiencing now, however, may be a sample of what an orderly mid-August traffic rush will be like in the future. Present thoroughfares functioned pretty well in the days of horse traction and handicrafts. They are well-clogged with horseless carriages today. The situation will get progressively worse unless major measures are taken to redesign thoroughfare systems to new needs. Policemen are doing a superb job in keeping the flow fairly steady today. But tomorrow's big crush may be beyond them. We applaud Henkel & Co. but we are holding our breath expectantly for Hoese & Co.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

THE VIBRANT GIFT

THE crass materialist laughs at himself and sardonically intones: "The thought doesn't count, but the gift matters immensely." But despite all the enveloping inroads of science and materialism, you like to think, especially at Christmas time, "The gift without the giver is bare." So wrote Lowell many years ago. Giving becomes glowingly meaningful when some portion of the giver is wrapped with the gift, when the intrinsic sustenance far transcends the intrinsic value. The simple pen knife, or locket, or book of poems that has some special significance, some measure of love for the giver, makes a shambles of the wholesale swapping of white shirts for blue ones, or shaving lotion for cigarettes. The real blessings of the giver attend the parcel, and the happy recipient, in retrospect, will fondle the trinket and be soothed and sustained by the bliss of cordial recollections. You can't place a price upon the little bauble because your

friend wanted so for you to have it, not because it will make you rich or prominent but just because you are you. The gift matters because it is a speaking about some gift or action as "that's just as much like Jim as his picture." He gave you what he valued most highly, a sparkling part of his personality. You take it with you, in the pocket and in the heart and it becomes more endearing with time because it is always fresh and always pertinent. And that is why all the combined efforts and genius of all the Swiss operating simultaneously could never make a time-piece to equal the inexpensive watch with which the loving father once anointed his proud son. And so it should go at Christmas, and in the middle of July, for that matter. One of life's petty annoyances is when the civic club speaker talks so loud you can't hear what the man seated next to you is saying.—MIAMI HERALD.

If Christmas Comes, Can Peace Be Very Far Behind?

By MARQUIS CHILDS

PARIS THE WORDS that issued from the NATO heads of government are a little like the wrapping on a Christmas package. What the package contains—that is to say, what will be done in the months ahead about the promises and pledges made here—is far more important than the glitter that is so soon discarded. Just ahead lies a great deal of patient, painstaking, difficult effort if the words are to mean anything. Hardly less than a complete political, diplomatic and economic recasting of NATO is necessary if the words of the communique are to be lived up to.

DULLES UNCHANGED

If there is to be a real exploration of the possibility of negotiation with the Soviets, the push for this side of the Atlantic will have to come from those on this side of the Atlantic who feel that the effort must be made. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has not changed his view, that negotiations with the Russians is futile or worse—no more than an invitation to frustration and disillusionment. At best, in the American view, a foreign ministers conference would be procedural, that convenient diplomatic word to describe an exercise in bluff but how it shall be conducted.

Nevertheless, when these qualifications are added up, the fact remains that the Soviet ministers meeting was officially suggested in response to a strong feeling of the Russians that they were under threat and counterthreats of nuclear war.

A Yuletide Salute

'Greetings, Chief'

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I HAVE written this piece before. As long as they make typewriter ribbons I will write from time to time as long as a gentleman named Bernie Baruch graces the earth.

Chief, I wish I could make it this year but I'm stuck on the other side of the pond, and you'll have to scaine the brave quail on your own. But, you'll see some of the best woods around Little Hobcaw and the features of Mister Henry Nelson and Mister Ely Wilson, not to mention Mister Dave McGill, come through powerful loud and clear.

And how are the dogs? I suppose, like everything else, you can't find a good bird dog any more. Especially one like Joe.

STAR OF THE SHOW

You do remember Joe. Ely's mongrel? He was the star of the show on Day when I came in out of the rain with the 15-bird limit AND a hawk in something under an hour. Nobody could smell that way but Joe, and Joe smelled so good that Ely got off the mule and put Joe in the saddle between cover and me.

"Dog this ain't no good to walk when he ain't workin'!" Ely said.

We had some shootin' this year, boss. A couple of good leopards and a reasonable elephant, and I wanted some mammal and ammunition on grouse in Scotland, and the Spanish partridges were just dandy.

SPANISH PERDIZ

That's something you ought to try some time, the Spanish perdiz. It's as big as a Scotch grouse and flies faster. Drivin' flying with the wind, he hands you a ballistic where you start with the idea that he's logging a hundred miles an hour.

In Tanganyika we collected a real good gopher kudu and a sable, but why do not compare for thrills with bobwhite quail on the reservation of Mr. M. B. Bunch, the eminent author who dominates the best-seller lists these days. (As a matter of fact, I got a book out myself, and over the vehicle maintenance shop you know the name.)

ESCAPE HATCH

You know how it is, boss, when you want to think of something wonderfully pleasant when the papers are full of Sputniks and tragedies and confusion? Sort of drugging yourself against the present with the past.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors' Note: Drew Pearson, during the holidays, is making a good-will tour of our North African bases.

THE American soldier's ability to adjust to his surroundings continues to be the most modern miracle of an age which may send rockets to the moon. Here in Africa, three to five thousand miles from Washington, Wichita, Shreveport or San Bernardino, you'll see Christmas decorations and Christmas preparations just as plentiful and just as hectic as any in the above cities.

He's Celebrating

It makes no difference that the American is thousands of miles from home or that he's surrounded by a Moslem population that does not pay homage to Christ's nativity. It's Christmas—and, no matter where he is, he's celebrating it. Love the me street of Wheeling. Air Base in Tripoli you'll see each bar rack competing for the best Christmas decoration as avidly and sometimes more effectively than any community back home. Over the recreation center at Nouasseur Air Base you will see reindeer leaping toward the African horizon, and over the vehicle maintenance shop you will see a silhouette of a wrecker's truck rescuing Santa Claus. The truck has picked up Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and is towing Santa's sleigh with other reindeer inside—a mute reminder that Nouasseur's vehicle maintenance corps can rescue anything.



A Wassailing We (Ugh!) Go

clear war continue, this pressure may become irresistible.

NORSTAD'S TASK

The most difficult immediate task falls to the lot of Gen. Lauris Norstad, supreme commander of NATO's European forces. He must work out the strategy of the missile bases, and he will need all the political skill he has already shown as the commander of a force of 15 sovereign nations.

There is great resistance in many NATO countries to the risk of putting permanent bases in the launching pads for these 1,500-mile weapons with their nuclear warheads.

President Eisenhower and a Prime Minister Harold Macmillan agreed in Bermuda in March that Britain should get American missiles, but the details of that agreement are only now being fi-

nally worked out. NATO must move much faster or the impact of the decision taken here will be nullified.

WHAT PROGRESS

If any progress was made toward settling the major political differences that have plagued the NATO powers, the evidence is not yet visible. Both President Eisenhower and Dulles talked at length with the Greeks and the Turks, but Cyprus is no nearer solution. The French reported that chances for a settlement of the war in Algeria are improved, although in at least two more years the cost of "pacification" will be a billion dollars a year and this means the need for American help, directly or indirectly.

In the face of the really ominous storm centers, such as the Middle East, NATO admits its impotence. The language used to brush off this continuing menace to peace is so platitudinous and empty that it might better have been omitted entirely. The same thing must be said of the "concern" expressed over the spreading anarchy in Indonesia and the plight of the Dutch in the face of this swiftd integration.

LIFE OR DEATH

That is the great weakness of an alliance limited by the geographical boundaries of Western Europe, this small peninsula thrust out from the great land mass of Asia. Almost every NATO power has involvements outside these boundaries, and in many instances the involvements mean some thing close to life or death. The



Under The Missilette

oil of the Middle East is the prime example. Yet NATO as an alliance is powerless to move with any unity beyond the conventional limits of Europe itself.

To be more than a defense organization, the generalizations about politics and economics which have a good sound but no substance must be made real. It is hard in the immediate aftermath of the conference to see who will carry out the transformation that is essential, since the political side of NATO has always been only a small blitzer on the military.

Many times in the past large promises have come out of showy NATO meetings. Fifty combat divisions within five years was the rash promise of the Lisbon meeting of 1951. Since that brave promise the conventional forces of NATO have withered away, with the French removing virtu-

ally all their troops to North Africa. The heads of government carefully looked around the question of conventional forces and force levels.

ADENAUER'S IDEA

If the precedent of past prevails, the latest promises will also fade with the passage of time. But a great many Europeans are determined that NATO shall be transformed into a political and economic alliance with real meaning, not only for Europe but for the world. Foremost among these is Germany's Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer.

Just before he left for Bonn the 82-year-old Chancellor received correspondents for an hour of questioning. He was hale, hearty and cheerful. He spoke with vigorous determination of how the chances for peace with the Soviets will be tirelessly explored.

Sitting in a large red armchair, the old Chancellor, with complete self-possession and a quiet eloquence, said that the alliance must free the peoples of both East and West Germany from the dreadful nightmare of rockets and missiles.

He spoke movingly of the immense danger today, greater than ever before. And he spoke, too, of how NATO would now transform itself into a political and economic alliance extending its influence far beyond the borders of Europe.

If this is the spirit of Europe, if there are other Europeans like the venerable Adenauer, then this may indeed be a turning point for the West and, above all, for Europe.

death and taxes. I can run my mind back to 11 years of the cold season at Hobcaw. Big or Little, and wasn't so much the excitement of birds exploding under your feet, or that solid slice of ham, or the quality of the food. Or even the quality of the yule log.

YULE LOG DAYS

It was a mixture of the components, which somehow blended into a kind of Grandtastic adventure—a harking back to the days when they hung the halls with holly, dragged in the Yule log, shaved an apple in a pig's face, mixed up the mead and generally made merry. Sentimentality that I am, I can walk manfully from room to room in both your houses in South Carolina, even at a very long distance.

I hope that nobody's boltering the duck on Miss Navaro's pond, and that all your friends are shooting as badly as one editor we know. I hope the rains didn't drown the spruce branches of quick chicks, and that Ely and Henry are shooting the male cats gone wild.

HOODOO COVEY

I hope there is always a covery next to the sawdust piest, and that hoodoo covery of Ely's is still putting the hex on the hunters. I hope that all the turkeys are safe and sound on Belle's place, and that the deer raising the gardenias, as usual.

I hope all the little farrowed pones are enjoying the best of health, although they must be nearly as old as me now. I hope that crazy horse who doesn't like me comes to a bad end.

I hope the woods are full of I think they look, and the sparkle-berry bushes are giving you good cover, and that the first bourbon diddledown tastes as good as you always seemed to think. I hope the fire leaps high, and Churchill's picture stands out in bright relief, and that Navaro will slap your hands when it reaches, too often to the candy plate.

And I wish you a very very merry Christmas, chief, with no injunction: Save some quail for me, for I don't have perfect talent for missing quail. It is uncanny and wish to try it out in your precincts.

Quote, Unquote

"Nothing's more playful than a young cat, nor more grave than an old one."—Thomas Fuller.



People's Platform

The Candle's Light Is Not Destroyed

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

IN HIS running feud with some of these medieval theologians, Mr. A. W. Black has stated that religion causes men to fear death. Having accepted this limited definition of "religion," he implies that the only concept of God is that of a fearsome Being. It is rather to be pitied that there are millions of Christians who do not fear death precisely because they believe in God.

It should also be noted that although one may be highly trained in the physical sciences of this dimension, they have little more foundation than the dogma for making an informed decision on a purely spiritual subject like that of immortality. There are, of course, as many dogmas in science as there are in theology. Here are the remarks of Arthur Compton, Nobel Prize winner in physics, and a pioneer in atomic development.

"In my laboratory, I am not concerned with proving survival, but every day I deal with forces which are intelligent and before which I sometimes feel I should kneel over in reverence. If I had a candle here before you and immediately snuff it out, I have not destroyed the candlelight. You no longer see it with your physical eyes; but countless thousands of light years from now, that tiny candle flame will be winking its way through space. If I cannot destroy a candle light which I myself have created, how absurd to think that personality should be destroyed because of physical death."

In science and religion, truth does not change and the children called by to receive the presents which the hospital personnel had purchased for each and every one of them. They stood bathful and timid in the presence of another unaccustomed riches and their eyes sparkled as they unwrapped those riches. Then they went home to dream of another Christmas with kindly Americans acting as Santa Claus.

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—ALAN NEWCOMB

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round I. S. Solders To Have Happy Holiday

Editors' Note: Drew Pearson, during the holidays, is making a good-will tour of our North African bases.

THE American soldier's ability to adjust to his surroundings continues to be the most modern miracle of an age which may send rockets to the moon. Here in Africa, three to five thousand miles from Washington, Wichita, Shreveport or San Bernardino, you'll see Christmas decorations and Christmas preparations just as plentiful and just as hectic as any in the above cities.

Arctic Touch

To me Christmas doesn't seem quite as real here in Africa as it did in Greenland last year at this time. There's no snow, no ice, no 20-below temperatures, and other touches of winter usually associated with Christmas. To be sure, Harmon Air Force Base in Newfoundland gave an arctic touch to the Azores by sending 800 Christmas trees and Lieut. Eugene Schayer of Chicago, somehow managed to pack all 800 into one plane.

The American soldier who is maintaining and operating these weapons of war in contradiction to the hope that Christ cherished for mankind would prefer not to be doing what he is doing. He would rather be home. However, a note about he has an amazing ability to adjust himself to any surroundings and this Christmas he will be able to participate in community games, church services, and entertainment as whole-hearted as any back home.

Helping Others

And, because the American soldier, whether he reads the Bible or not, has an inherent sense of what Christmas is all about, he has gone out of his way in these distant lands to help the people of these lands. For some weeks the air patrol at Nouasseur has been putting the "touch" on everyone from the base commander down

to finance Christmas celebrations at Moroccan orphanages. For months they have been busy collecting old toys, repainting and repairing them for children in the Moroccan towns. Other air units are doing the same.

American Santas

I watched one Christmas party given at the Nouasseur Air Force hospital for 60 French and Moroccan orphans by the hospital corps.

The hospital mess hall was crowded with children too excited to eat and, with their Air Force escorts too busy to notice, they didn't eat. Finally the pretense of eating was over and the children sat by to receive the presents which the hospital personnel had purchased for each and every one of them. They stood bathful and timid in the presence of another unaccustomed riches and their eyes sparkled as they unwrapped those riches. Then they went home to dream of another Christmas with kindly Americans acting as Santa Claus.